

On that Cœlestiall Harmony I go too.

*Sad and solemn Musicke.*

*Grif.* She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,  
For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

*The Vision.*

*Enter solemnly tripping one after another, sixe Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their heades Garlands of Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palme in their hands. They first Conge unto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first two hold a spare Garland ouer her Head, at which the other foure make reuerend Curties. Then the two that held the Garland, deliuer the same to the other next two, who obserue the same order in their Changes, and holding the Garland ouer her head. Which done, they deliuer the same Garland to the last two: who likewise obserue the same Order. At which (as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleepe) signes of reioicing, and holdeth vp her hands to heauen. And so, in their Dancing vanish, carrying the Garland with them. The Musicke continues.*

*Kath.* Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?  
And leaue me heere in wretchednesse, behinde ye?

*Grif.* Madam, we are heere.

*Kath.* It is not you I call for,

Saw ye none enter since I slept?

*Grif.* None Madam.

*Kath.* No? Saw you not euen now a blessed Troope  
Inuite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beames vpon me, like the Sun?  
They promis'd me eternall Happinesse,  
And brought me Garlands (*Griffith*) which I feele  
I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall assuredly.

*Grif.* I am most ioyfull Madam, such good dreames  
Possesse your Fancy.

*Kath.* Bid the Musicke leaue,

They are harsh and heavy to me.

*Musicke ceases.*

*Pati.* Do you note

How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodaine?

How long her face is drawne? How pale she lookes,

And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?

*Grif.* She is going Wench. Pray, pray.

*Pati.* Heauen comfort her.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* And't like your Grace

*Kath.* You are a sawcy Fellow,

Deferue we no more Reuerence?

*Grif.* You are too blame,

Knowing she will not loose her wonted Greatnesse

To vse so rude behauiour. Go too, kneele.

*Mes.* I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,  
My hast made me vnmanerly. There is staying  
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

*Kath.* Admit him entrance *Griffith*. But this Fellow  
Let me ne're see againe.

*Exit Messeng.*

*Enter Lord Capuchius.*

If my sight faile not,

You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,

My Royall Nephew, and your name *Capuchius*.

*Cap.* Madam the same. Your Seruant.

*Kath.* O my Lord,

The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely

With me, since first you knew me.

But I pray you,

What is your pleasure with me?

*Cap.* Noble Lady,

First mine owne seruice to your Grace, the next  
The Kings request, that I would visit you,  
Who grieues much for your weaknesse, and by me  
Sends you his Princely Commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

*Kath.* O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,  
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;  
That gentle Physicke giuen in time, had cur'd me:  
But now I am past all Comforts heere, but Prayers.

How does his Highnesse?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

*Kath.* So may he euer do, and euer flourish,  
When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name  
Banish'd the Kingdome. *Patience*, is that Letter  
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

*Pati.* No Madam.

*Kath.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliuer  
This to my Lord the King.

*Cap.* Most willing Madam.

*Kath.* In which I haue commended to his goodnesse  
The Modell of our chaste loues: his yong daughter,  
The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Blessings on her,  
Beseeching him to giue her vertuous breeding.  
She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,  
I hope she will deserue well; and a little  
To loue her for her Mothers sake, that lou'd him,  
Heauen knows how deere.

My next poore Petition,  
Is, that his Noble Grace would haue some pittie  
Vpon my wretched women, that so long  
Haue follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,  
Of which there is not one, I dare auow

(And now I should not lye) but will deserue

For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,

For honestie, and decent Carriage

A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)

And sure those men are happy that shall haue 'em.

The last is for my men, they are the poorest,

(But pouerty could neuer draw 'em from me)

That they may haue their wages, duly paid 'em,

And something ouer to remember me by.

If Heauen had pleas'd to haue giuen me longer life

And able meanes, we had not parted thus,

These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord;

By that you loue the deere'st in this world,

As you wish Christian peace to soules departed,

Stand these poore peoples Friend, and vrge the King

To do me this last right.

*Cap.* By Heauen I will,

Or let me loose the fashion of a man.

*Kath.* I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me

In all humilitie vnto his Highnesse:

Say his long trouble now is passing

Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him

(For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell

My Lord. *Griffith* farewell. Nay *Patience*,

You must not leaue me yet. I must to bed,

Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,

Let me be vs'd with Honor; strew me ouer

With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know

I was a chaste Wife, to my Graue: Emalme me,

Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like

A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.

I can no more.

*Exeunt leading Katherine.*

*Scena*

*Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.*

*Gard.* It's one a clocke Boy, is't not?

*Boy.* It hath strooke.

*Gard.* These should be hoares for necessities,

Not for delights: Times to repaite our Nature

With comforting repose, and not for vs to trim

To waste these times. Good house of night Sir *Thomas*:

Whether so late?

*Lov.* Came you from the King, my Lord?

*Gard.* I did Sir *Thomas*, and left him at *Prinero*

With the Duke of *Suffolke*.

*Lov.* I must to him too.

*Gard.* Not yet Sir *Thomas* *Lovell*: what's the matter?

It seemes you are in hast; and if there be

No great offence belongs too't, giue your Friend

Some touch of your late businesse: Affaires that walke

(As they say Spirits do) at midnight, haue

In them a wilder Nature, then the businesse

That seekes dispatch by day.

*Lov.* My Lord, I loue you;

And durst commend a secret to your eare

Much waightier then this worke. The *Queens* in Labor

They say in great Extremity, and fear'd

She'll with the Labour, end.

*Gard.* The fruit she goes with

I pray for heartily, that it may finde

Good time, and liue: but for the Stocke Sir *Thomas*,

I wish it grubb'd vp now.

*Lov.* Me thinkes I could

Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes

She's a good Creature, and sweet-Ladie do's

Deferue our better wishes.

*Gard.* But Sir, Sir,

Heare me Sir *Thomas*, y'are a Gentleman

Of mine owne way. I know you Wife, Religious,

And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,

'Twill not Sir *Thomas* *Lovell*, tak't of me,

Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwel*, her two hands, and three

Sleepe in their Graues.

*Lovell.* Now Sir, you speake of two

The most remark'd i'th' Kingdome: as for *Cromwel*,

Beside that of the Iewell-House, is made Master

O'th' Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,

Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments,

With which the Lime will loade him. Th' Archbyshop

Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speak

One syllable against him?

*Gard.* Yes, yes, Sir *Thomas*,

There are that dare; and I my selfe haue ventur'd

To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day,

Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I haue

Incent the Lords o'th' Councell, that he is

(For so I know he is, they know he is)

A most Arch-Heretique, a Pestilence

That does infect the Land: with which, they moued

Haue broken with the King, who hath so farre

Giuen eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace,

And Princely Care, forc-seeing those fell Mischiefes,

Our Reasons layd before him, hath commanded  
To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord  
He be conuenced. He's a ranke weed Sir *Thomas*,  
And we must root him out. From your Affaires  
I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir *Thomas*.

*Exit Gardiner and Page.*

*Lov.* Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your seruant.

*Enter King and Suffolke.*

*King.* Charles, I will play no more to night;

My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me.

*Suff.* Sir, I did neuer win of you before.

*King.* But little Charles,

Nor shall you when my Fancies on my play.

Now *Lovell*, from the Queene what is the Newes?

*Lov.* I could not personally deliuer to her

What you commanded me, but by her woman,

I sent your Message, who return'd her thanks

In the great it humblenesse, and desir'd your Highnesse

Most heartily to pray for her.

*King.* What say'st thou? Ha?

To pray for her? What is she crying out?

*Lov.* So said her woman, and that her suffrance made

Almost each pang, a death.

*King.* Alas good Lady.

*Suff.* God safely quit her of her Burthen, and

With gentle Travaile, to the gladding of

Your Highnesse with an Heire.

*King.* 'Tis midnight Charles,

Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember

Th' estate of my poore Queene. Leau me alone,

For I must thinke of that, which company

Would not be friendly too.

*Suff.* I wish your Highnesse

A quiet night, and my good Mistris will

Remember in my Prayers.

*King.* Charles good night.

Well Sir, what followes?

*Enter Sir Anthony Denny.*

*Den.* Sir, I haue brought my Lord the Arch-byshop,

As you commanded me.

*King.* Ha? Canterbury?

*Den.* I my good Lord.

*King.* 'Tis true: where is he *Denny*?

*Den.* He attends your Highnesse pleasure.

*King.* Bring him to Vs.

*Lov.* This is about that, which the Byshop spake,

I am happily come hither.

*Enter Cranmer and Denny.*

*King.* Auoyd the Gallery.

*Lovell* seemes to stay.

Ha? I haue said. Be gone.

What?

*Cran.* I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he thus?

'Tis his Aspect of Terror. All's not well.

*King.* How now my Lord?

You do desire to know wherefore

I sent for you.

*Cran.* It is my dutie

T'attend your Highnesse pleasure.

*King.* Pray you arise

My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury:

Come, you and I must walke a turne together:

I haue Newes to tell you.

Come, come, glue me your hand.

Ah my good Lord, I greeue at what I speake,

And am right forrie to repeat what followes.

I haue, and most vnwillingly of late

x 2

Heard